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TRANS-ATLANTIC AIRCRAFT TO CUT

Hot Blast Air Tight

Florence Heaters

Are the Cheapest Heating Stoves to Buy

ful not to confine "Price and Value". "Price" is

what you put into a stove. "Value" is the amount

and quality you get out of it.

Stove owners expect

more from a Florence

MORE HEAT

STRONGER WEAR

BETTER SERVICE

BETTER VALUE

AND THEY GET IT

glad to talk it over with you.

Yellow Front

Heater

In choosing a Heating Stove you should be care-

then been in force, these so called visionaries would doubtless have been arested as vagrants and thrown into jail or drafted into the army.

During the first five years after the

OCEAN TRIP TIME original flight, airplane progress was slaw and unsatisfactory but, since the great war started, development has gone forward by leaps and bounds, and accomplishments have has gone forward by leaps and bounds, and accomplishments have been so great that now nothing surprises us. Recently, in New York city and in certain other parts of the country airplanes, singly and in groups of from two to 20 have become a familiar sight that they are hardly noticed at all, and the world reads with only passing interest of such epoch-making accomplishments as the successful establishment of new aero-postal lines here and in Europe, the recent day aircraft, be fit only for the museum or the junk pile; however, the event marked the opening of a wonderful new era. Prior to that first flight a few persons in different parts of the world had had vissions of our modern airplanes, but the world's billions looked upon such persons as idle dreamers and, if the present day work or fight laws had

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I-Fired by the news of the sinking of the Lusliania by a German submarine, Arthur Guy Empey, an American, leaves his office in Jersey City and goes to England where he enlists in the British army.

CHAPTER II—After a period of training, Empey volunteers for immediate service and soon finds himself in rest billets "somewhere in France," where he first makes the acquaintance of the ever-present "cootles."

ent "cooties."

CHAPTER III—Empey attends his first church services at the front while a German Fokker circles over the congregation.

CHAPTER IV—Empey's command goes into the front-line trenches and is under fire for the first time.

CHAPTER V—Empey learns to adopt the motto of the British Tommy, "If you are going to get it, you'll get it, so never worry."

CHAPTER VI—Back in rest billets, Empey gets his first experience as a mess orderly.

CHAPTER VII-Empey learns how the British soldiers are fed. would yell across that they were Saxons and would not fire. Both sides and had forgotten all about the war, would sit on the parapet and carry on when an order came through that our a conversation. This generally consist- brigade would again take over their ed of Tommy telling them how much sector of the line. he loved the kaiser, while the Saxons informed Tommy that King George sued, our captain assembled the comwas a particular friend of theirs and hoped that he was doing nicely.

by Prussians or Bayarians, they would

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER

side of him. His platoon got a whiff of

his breath one night and the offending Tommy lost his job.

One night a young English sergeant crawled to the stake and as he tried to detach the German paper a bomb exploded and mangled him horribly. Fritz had set a trap and gained another victim which was only one more black mark against him in the book of this war. From that time on diplomatic relations were severed.

Returning to Tommy, I think his spirit is best shown in the questions he asks. It is never "who is going to win" but always "how long will it take?"

CHAPTER XX.

"Chats With Fritz."

We were swimming in money, from the receipts of our theatrical venture,

The day that these orders were ispany and asked for volunteers to go to the Machine Gun school at St. Omar. When the Saxons were to be relieved I volunteered and was accepted.

Sixteen men from our brigade left



Meeting a Gas and Infantry Attack.

company mates.

Land and Tommy would immediately tumble into his trench and keep his head down.

If an English regiment was to be relieved by the wild Irish, Tommy would tell the Saxons, and immediately a volley of "Donner und Blitzens" could be heard and it was Fritz's turn to get a crick in his back from stooping, and the people in Berlin would close their

Usually when an Irishman takes over a trench, just before "stand down" in trench. the morning, he sticks his rifle over the top, aimed in the direction of Berlin, and engages in what is known as the "mad minute." This consists of firing fifteen shots in a minute. He is not aiming at anything in particular -Just sends over each shot with a prayer, hoping that one of his strays will get some poor unsuspecting Fritz in the napper hundreds of yards bethe reason the Boches hate the man from Erin's isle.

The Saxons, though better than the Prussians and Bavarians, have a nasty trait of treachery in their makeup.

At one point of the line where the trenches were very close, a stake was driven into the ground midway between the hostile lines. At night when it was his turn, Tommy would crawl to this stake and attach some London papers to it, while at the foot he would place tins of bully beef, fags, sweets, and other delicacies that he had received from Blighty in the ever lookedfor parcel. Later on Fritz would come out and get these luxuries.

The next night Tommy would go out to see what Fritz put into his stocking. The donation generally consisted of a paper from Berlin, telling who was winning the war, some tinned sausages, cigars, and occasionally a little beer, but a funny thing, Tommy never returned with the beer unless it was in- fire

yell this mornison across no Man's for the course in machine gunnery. This course lasted two weeks and we rejoined our unit and were assigned to the brigade machine gun company. It

almost broke my heart to leave my

The gun we used was the Vickers, Light .303, water cooled.

I was still a member of the Suicide club, having jumped from the frying pan into the fire. I was assigned to section 1, gun No. 2, and the first time "in" took position in the front-line

During the day our gun would be dismounted on the fire step ready for instant use. We shared a dugout with the Lewis gunners. At "stand to" we would mount our gun on the parapet and go on watch beside it until "stand down" in the morning. Then the gun would be dismounted and again placed in readiness on the fire step.

We did eight days in the front-line hind the lines. It generally does; that's trench without anything unusual happening outside of the ordinary trench routine. On the night that we were to "carry out," a bombing raid against the German lines was pulled off. This raiding party consisted of sixty company men, sixteen bombers, and four Lewis machine guns with their crews.

The raid took the Boches by surprise and was a complete success, the party bringing back twenty-one prisoners.

The Germans must have been awfulsore, because they turned loose a barrage of shrapnel, with a few "Minnies" and "whizz bangs" intermixed. The shells were dropping into our front line like hallstones.

To get even, we could have left the prisoners in the fire trench, in charge of the men on guard and let them click Fritz's strafeing but Tommy does not treat prisoners that way.

Five of them were brought into my dugout and turned over to me so that they would be safe from the German

In the candlelight, they looked very faces, with the exception of one, a great big fellow. He looked very much at ease. I liked him from the start.

I got out the rum jar and gave each a nip and passed around some fags, the old reliable Woodbines. The other prisoners looked their gratitude, but the big fellow said in English, "Thank you, sir, the rum is excellent and I appreclate it, also your kindness."

He told me his name was Carl Schmidt, of the Sixty-sixth Bavarian Light infantry; that he had lived six years in New York (knew the city better than I did), had been to Coney island and many of our ball games. He was a regular fan. I couldn't make him believe that Hans Wagner wasn't the best ball player in the world.

From New York he had gone to London, where he worked as a waiter in the Hotel Russell. Just before the war he went home to Germany to see his parents, the war came and he was con-

He told me he was very sorry to hear that London was in rules from the Zeppelin raids. I could not convince him otherwise, for hadn't be seen moving pictures in one of the German cities of St. Paul's cathedral in ruins.

I changed the subject because he was so stubborn in his belief. It was my intention to try and pump him for information as to the methods of the German snipers, who had been causing us trouble in the last few days.

I broached the subject and he shut up like a clam. After a few minutes he very innocently said: "German snipers get pald rewards

for killing the English." I eagerly asked, "What are they?"

He answered:

"For killing or wounding an English private, the salper gets one mark. For killing or wounding an English officer he gets five marks, but if he kills a Red Cap or English general, the sniper gets twenty-one days tied to the wheel of a limber as punishment for his careless-

Then he paused, waiting for me to bite, I suppose

I bit all right and asked him why the safper was punished for killing an English general. With a smile he re-

"Well, you see, if all the English generals were killed, there would be no one left to make costly mistakes."

I shut him up, he was getting too fresh for a prisoner. After a while he winked at me and I winked back, then the escort came to take the prisoners to the rear. I shook hands and wished him "The best of luck and a safe journey to Blighty."

I liked that prisoner, he was a fine fellow, had an Iron Cross, too. I advised him to keep it out of sight, or some Tommy would be sending it home

to his girl in Blighty as a souvenir. One dark and rainy night while on guard we were looking over the top from the fire step of our front-line trench, when we heard a noise immediately in front of our barbed wire. The sentry next to me challenged. "Halt, who comes there?" and brought his rifle to the aim. His challenge was answered in German. A captain in the next traverse climbed upon the sandbagged parapet to investigate—a brave but foolhardy deed-"Crack" went a bullet and he tumbled back into the trench with a hole through his stomach and died a few minutes later. A lance corporal in the next platoon was so enraged at the captain's death that he chucked a Mills bomb in the direction of the noise with the shouted warning to us: "Duck your nappers, my lucky lads." A sharp dynamite report, a flare in front of us, and then silence.

We immediately sent up two star shells, and in their light could see two dark forms lying on the ground close to our wire. A sergeant and four stretcher-bearers went out in front and soon returned, carrying two limp bodies. Down in the dugout, in the flickering light of three candles, we saw that they were two German officers, one a captain and the other an "unteroffizier," a rank one grade higher than a sergeant general, but below the grade of lieutenant.

The captain's face had been almost completely torn away by the bomb's explosion. The unteroffizier was alive, breathing with difficulty. In a few minutes he opened his eyes and blinked in the glare of the candles.

The pair had evidently been drinking heavily, for the alcohol fumes were sickening and completely pervaded the dugout. I turned away in disgust, hating to see a man cross the Great Divide full of booze.

One of our officers could speak German and he questioned the dying man. In a faint voice, interrupted by frequent hiccoughs, the unteroffizier told

There had been a drinking bout among the officers in one of the German dugouts, the main beverage being champagne. With a drunken leer he informed us that champagne was plentiful on their side and that it did not cost them anything either. About seven that night the conversation had turned

to the "contemptible" English, and the captain had made a wager that he would hang his cap on the English barbed wire to show his contempt for the English sentries. The wager was accepted. At eight o'clock the captain and he had crept out into No Man's Land to carry out this wager.

They had gotten about halfway across when the drink took effect and the captain fell asleep. After about two bours of valu attempts the unter-

offizier had at last succeeded in wakmuch shaken, nerves gone and chalky ing the captain, reminded him of his bet, and warned him that he would be the laughing stock of the officers' mess if he did not accomplish his object, but the captain was trembling all over and insisted on returning to the German lines. In the darkness they lost their bearings and crawled toward the English trenches. They reached the barbed wire and were suddenly challenged by our sentry. Being too drunk to realize that the challenge was in English, the captain refused to crawl back. Finally the unteroffizier convinced his superior that they were in front of the English wire. Realizing this too late, the captain drew his revolver and with a muttered curse fired blindly toward our trench. His bullet no doubt killed our

> Then the bomb came over and there he was, dying-nnd a good job too, we thought. The captain dead? Well, his

men wouldn't weep at the news. Without giving us any further information the unteroffizier died.

We searched the bodies for identification disks but they had left everything behind before starting on their foolhardy errand.

Next afternoon we buried them in our little cemetery apart from the graves of the Tommies. If you ever go into that cemetery you will see two little wooden crosses in the corner of the cemetery set away from the rest.

Captain

German Army Died - 1916 Unknown R. I. P.

Unteroffizier

German Army Died - 1916 Unknown R. 1. P. (Continued Next Week)



CASTORIA For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 11, 1918.

OTISCO ITEMS

visiting in this vicinity Sunday went the old fashioned way with horse and

Mr. and Mrs. John Cartridge and son of Eureka visited their son, Lew Cartridge Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Reeves and three children spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Reeves. John Mason and daughter, Byrl risited Sunday with his brother, Geo.

Mason of Grattan, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Belding were Sunday afternoon callers at R. W. Belding's.

Miss Letha Hill of Bay City visited from Saturday night until Monday with her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Will.

News is scarce this week as every one is too busy to go visiting. Shafter arbor will hold their next meeting Thursday evening, Sept. 26. Ice cream, cake and wafers will be

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for gears it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Meditional treatment. ditions and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine, manufactured by F. J. Cheney &
Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional
remedy, is taken internally and acts
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